
by Double Pines

Chicken Cheese for the Pcest Lover's Soul

Dipper's not particularly tired, but he's seen this movie like a hundred times (Soos always had it on once Stan broke down and bought a DVD player, back when he lived at the shack), this couch is comfortable as hell, and Mabel's body feels so nice and warm curled into his... consequently, they haven't even made it halfway through before his eyes start to droop. She must have noticed that he stopped laughing at all the funny parts with her, because she lets go of his hand to jab an elbow into his gut.

"You better not be sleeping back there," she warns.

Dipper opens his eyes fully, pulling an innocent face even though she can't even see him. "I'm not. And *ow*."

"Oh come on, I didn't elbow you *that* hard."

"Except you kinda did."

Mabel's hand waves around dismissively in the air and he hears her blow raspberries. "Not my fault you have baby skin, bro."

"Jerk," Dipper laughs, retaliating against the joking shot at his manliness by attacking the most ticklish spot on her stomach. She snorts with laughter, recoiling forward and attempting to shove him away, complaining about how she's missing the movie and that he's such a flippin' *wiener*. Eventually she catches his hand, lacing up their fingers and bringing them up to her mouth.

"I'm confiscating this," Mabel proclaims, her voice muffled from where she has her lips squished into the knuckle of his thumb. "You'll get it back when I see fit."

"You can just keep it," Dipper says with a chuckle, indulging in yet another furtive whiff of her bushy brown curls, because they're right there in front of him, and how is he supposed to resist that? They settle down to concentrate on the TV again. The silence only lasts about ten minutes before Mabel releases his hand and sniggers.

“What?”

“Nothin’. Just laughing at an uber hilarious joke I made in my head.”

Dipper rolls his eyes fondly. Before he can casually ask if she’s going to let him in on the joke, his sister rolls over to face him, walking two fingers up his arm, bouncing them up to his head and making them do the can-can—complete with musical accompaniment—in his hair.

“Your hair is so *cute*.”

“We have the same hair.” He points out the obvious, raising a lazy eyebrow (although Mabel’s is shinier and cleaner and much better-smelling in his humble opinion).

“Yeah, but yours is all shaggy and cray-cray,” she counters with a wide beam. Dipper’s eyelids fall shut when Mabel starts dragging her nails along his scalp, capturing bunches of brown curls between her fingers and pulling outwards until they’re sticking straight out. “Huh. And surprisingly longer than it looks.”

He nudges the top of his head into her lingering palm like a puppy, eyes still closed, his voice a sleepy monotone. “More.”

“Fine... I spoil you ya know.” Mabel starts petting his hair just the way he likes it, her fingers so soft and soothing that before long he nods off, only to have his ear flicked.

“Heyyy, I said no falling asleep! It’s only like, *nine*, you said we were gonna go all night! *Movies Mabel’s Never Seen Marathon*, remember? *Tee-Em!* We tee-emmed it and everything, Dipper!”

“Ehh,” Dipper grouches, otherwise unresponsive.

“*Wake-up, fart-knocker, wake-up, knocker-of-farts—*” she continues to chant, poking her brother in the side. All he does is groan like a zombie and let his tongue roll out of his mouth, playing dead. “You’ve forced my hand,” she says gravely after he doesn’t crack for a while. “Mabel’s breakin’ out the big guns.” He can’t hold out anymore when she starts laying slobbery wet smooches all over his face, and he cracks one eye open, shaking with laughter.

“Oh-ho, *gross*, Mabel—alright, okay! Geez, I’m awake.”

“Good.” She mercifully swipes the excess of her drool off his face with a knit sleeve, then leans in to sweetly smack her lips on his. “And now you get to make out with me. Hurray for you!”

Dipper doesn’t reply with anything but a grin. A vague thought about how unbelievably good life is now passes through his brain as he scoops his sister against him and seals his lips over hers, moving them gently, only pulling away after a few long seconds have passed. Mabel’s eyes blink back open and she smiles, lets out a low, goofy chuckle, then pulls him down for another kiss. Man, the way she kisses him is always so enthusiastic, he can’t help but melt into it right away.

Somewhere along the line he ends up on top of her, her headband on the floor, the movie long forgotten. The atmosphere between them stays pretty light-hearted. They've been mostly switching between laughing and making out with some playful wrestling thrown in there, since it kind of comes second nature to them. Still, all this squirming around with Mabel has plenty of heat gathering between his legs. It always does.

"Ugh, why are you so amazing," Dipper mumbles between kisses, each feeling a little more urgent than the last. Giggling meets his ears, vibrating merrily from her throat, probably at the dreamy admiration in his tone.

"Well I think you're pretty swell too, brother," she says the next time they break apart. She pecks him on the mouth a bunch of times in a row, the exaggeratedly cute "*muah!*" accompanying each one rousing smothered giggles from behind Dipper's puckered lips. His laughter falls silent when her mouth unexpectedly opens against his for a luxuriously thorough kiss, one that draws out so long that a tiny moan escapes him.

Mabel separates their lips, pulling back to look him in the eye, her hands cupping his flushed cheeks. He returns her soft stare with a lazy grin, his fingers absentmindedly combing through her hair. He's in the process of leaning down to kiss her ten or twenty or hell maybe a hundred more times when he hears her say it, quick and quiet and jumbled.

"Iwantyou."

Dipper's eyes pop right back open.

"Huh?" he says breathlessly, stupidly.

"You know. As innnn..." Mabel licks her lips, putting on her best Transylvanian vampire voice to cover up her pretty obvious shyness about the matter. "...I vant to do zee do vith you, Deepur. Like I *vant* you." Her eyebrows wiggle up and down like her life depends on it.

Well, shit. The room was already starting to feel hot, but actually hearing her say the words, vampire accent or not, gets him from half mast to ridiculously hard in no time flat. He can hardly believe that after all this time, Mabel ended up being the one to break their weird little unwritten code of sex-silence first—y'know, taking into account the sheer amount of time he spends a day thinking about it, agonizing over it, working up the courage to bring it up again.

"Yeah?" Dipper murmurs, trying not to come off as too excited, his heated gaze flitting back and forth between her eyes.

"Ya."

His stare burns into hers. "I want you too."

"Good," she says, pursing her lips, finally dropping the accent. "Psh. You better."

She's basically asking. So offer! Offer now you wimp!

"I uh." he swallows heavily, the back of his tongue suddenly dry. "I have stuff we can use in my room. Do you want to...?"

Mabel leans up and kisses him, long and slow, and then nods, her cheeks pink.

A few minutes later, Mabel is sitting cross-legged on his bed, playing with the sleeves of her sweater while Dipper digs around in a throng of socks and underwear. He can feel her eyes on the back of his head when he finally finds what he's looking for, making his skin heat up.

"The ol' 'hide the condoms in your sock drawer' thing, wow," he hears Mabel giggle behind him. "Man, how clichéd teenage boy are you right now?"

He throws her a look over his shoulder, then shrugs, focusing on hiding the way his hands jitter as they fumble to open the box. "Dunno. Probably hitting like a four on the cliché teenage boy scale."

"Four? Bro. You're at least a six. At *least*."

"We'll agree to disagree, then."

"Orrr we can *compromise* like a healthy couple and make it a five." He can hear her tapping her hands back and forth on her knees, laughter still laced in her voice. "Sooo, where'd ya get those anyway, Dippin' Dots?"

Dipper blushes, fishing out a single square of foil before stuffing the small box back into the dark depths of his sock drawer. "Bought 'em."

"*You* bought them? Hehe, oho man. Wish you'da told me when that was happening. I would've paid money to see you being all awkward and weird at the checkout counter."

He has to laugh at that, because she knows him too well. "Okay, but fucking Walgreens, though. I bought like ten other things I didn't need to offset the condoms and I still got a judge-y look from the old lady who rang me up."

Mabel smacks her knee and guffaws as Dipper finally shoves the drawer shut. "*Gold!* Gold I tell you! Next time you better bring me, dork. I'll do everything in my power to protect you from any judgmental old ladies we should happen upon."

The foil is cool in his clammy fist as he folds his arms and leans back against his dresser, barely able to contain his glee over the casual way she said 'next time.' "You mean you'll stand by and watch while I make an idiot out of myself."

"Ya got that right, kiddo." Mabel throws him some finger guns and drops her hands in her lap, her gaze shifting somewhere off to the side and back before she asks, "just wondering an' all, how long have you had 'em?"

Dipper feels his ears redden. “Oh, uh. Couple weeks, I guess? Something like that?” Welp. That was a blatant lie. It’s more somewhere along the lines of a few months, *plus*, but that seemed like a little much to fess up to. And even with the lie factored in, he still feels the need to provide Mabel with an explanation, even though her face shows no real signs of discomfort. “I just wanted to, y’know. Be prepared. In case we ever ended up...” he makes a vague gesture with his hands, slowly banging his fists together a few times, “...yeah.”

He’s relieved when Mabel leans back on her hands with a big toothy grin and starts to shimmy her shoulders and bob her head, the clear beginnings of Mabel’s signature (according to her, *very* hot as well as soon-to-be-copywrited) sexy dance. “Well, I’m glad one of us was the prepared twin ‘cos something is *definitely* about to happen my friend, bow chicka wowow, chicka wawoww...”

The word ‘definitely’ makes Dipper anxious all of a sudden, which he masks with laughter at her actually pretty hilarious impression of cheesy porno music. It’s kind of weird—totally good weird, but also maybe a little intimidating—to know exactly what’s going to go down on the sheets before they do it. Usually when they’re feelin’ ‘in the mood’ or whatever, the two of them just sort of wing it and see where things go on their own. And there’ve been plenty of things, oho, plenty of *great* things... but the breaks were always kicked in whenever they got too close to doing *the* thing.

Until now.

Okay Dipper, just... stick to the plan. No messing this up.

Yes, okay, he has a plan. He’s imagined the whole thing too often *not* to have a plan. It’s mostly just stupid stuff about being suave and attentive and what kind of foreplay he should attempt and remembering to wear his least mood-killing pair of underwear beforehand, but hey. The method works for him. Knowing that he has a plan, and that it’s there if he needs it helps to relax that stream of self-induced anxiety in his head.

“...You planning on standing over there all day?” Mabel asks from her spot on the bed. Dipper blinks as it occurs to him that he’s just been standing here like an idiot.

Lovely. Off to a great start there, man.

“Uh—”

“Ohh, I see how it is.” She interjects before he can even finish a single stutter, putting a fake-skeptical thumb and forefinger to her chin. “You’re gonna make me come to you aren’tcha, mister.”

He smiles at her, grateful for the save, and shrugs. “Maybe I am.”

“*Well* then,” Mabel claps her hands together, hopping up from her seat. “I can certainly do that.”

Dipper's heartbeat picks up speed as he watches his sister march towards him, looking like she means business. And judging from the way she grabs onto either side of his shirt to yank him into a hot, hard lip lock, she most *definitely* does.

Woah, he thinks dizzily. Mabel really wasn't kidding around when she said she wanted him. His lower back hits the dresser as she grinds into him right off the bat. Clothes start to come off before Dipper can even begin to try and recall pieces of his plan, his brain left far behind in the dust, dazedly struggling to catch up. Mabel has already tossed her sweater to the floor, her flowery green shorts in a heap at her feet, when her eager fingers steal away his black and white flannel. The two become locked in some sort of battle to see which one of them can rid the other of their undershirt first. They unglue their faces for a second and Dipper manages to win out with Mabel coming in a close second.

His lips follow hers for a good few inches when she breaks off the kiss again, her slim fingers already in the process of unbuckling his belt. Easily taking care of the button and zipper, she kneels to teasingly drag his jeans all the way down to his ankles, looking up into his eyes the whole time, a coy grin on her face. The image of Mabel on her knees in front of him causes Dipper's brain to sort of malfunction, and he barely registers her words when she declares, "Yeahh, we won't be needing these."

On her way back up to her feet, her fingertips drift over the hardening crotch of his Loony Tunes boxers (he didn't have a lot of warning okay), coaxing a shaky sigh out of him. Then she abruptly reaches around to seize his butt. He flinches and she barks out a laugh.

"I do hereby claim this tush in the name of her royal ladyship Lady Mabelton! Honk honk."

Dipper snorts, countering by sliding a hand up her back and unlatching her bra with a few quick maneuvers of his fingers. Mabel lets out an impressed "ooh-hoo" as he's pulling away the straps, releasing her hold on him so she can shimmy off the cartoony, floral-printed undergarment. Straightaway his arms come around her to hug her body to his, squishing her small breasts against his chest, pinning his clothed erection between them. For a few moments he just holds her, relishing the feel of her skin warm against his. But soon he gives in to that pressing urge to move, languidly rubbing himself against her hip, dipping to press a kiss to the area of skin where her neck meets her shoulder. His fingers softly trail up and down her back, toying with the ends of her hair. She sighs into his ear, holding onto him a bit tighter.

His hand is on its way into her underwear when Mabel suddenly pulls away with a big smile on her face, taking him by the wrists and leading him towards the bed. The way she's giggling excitedly fills Dipper up with a giddy feeling, makes him think lame thoughts along the lines of how *this is the best fucking day ever*, a conviction that's only further solidified in his mind as his sister pushes him down onto his own bed and crawls on top of him.

Dipper's lingering nerves fly off, forgotten, when she rolls her hips over him, her hands splayed over his stomach. He leans up far enough to grab her shoulders and pull her back down with him for a kiss, his hands running down her back until they're squeezing her butt,

where he holds her in place as he bucks his hips up to meet her. Mabel gasps, then devouring his mouth with more vigor; her lips are almost bruising but he doesn't care. They've put this off for too long, and now knowing it's so close within their reach has them riled up past the point of no return.

Not even a minute passes before Mabel brings her lips to his ear, starts whispering things that send jolts to his chest and twitches to his dick, like that she needs him badly and can they pretty *pleeeeee* do this now and not later? And bam, those stupid pesky nerves are back, because this is all moving a lot faster than he ever planned for, and wait—shit—where the hell did the condom go?

"One sec," Dipper tells her breathlessly after another lingering kiss, gently rolling her off of him so he can scramble out of bed and over to his dresser. He finds what he's looking for nearly hidden underneath the pair of jeans he just shed, dropped there during all the haste. Snatching it up, he turns around just in time to see Mabel slingshotting her underwear off the end of the bed with a yell of "*kaboom!*" His heart skips a beat as he makes his way back over to where she waits for him lying on her side, naked with the covers pulled back, her eyebrows wiggling like no tomorrow.

"Lose the bugs bunny undies already. Sheesh," Mabel laughs, her cheeks rosy. Dipper blushes, laughing faintly as he eases his boxers down his legs, kicking them off his foot to the corner of the room. Mabel bites her lower lip. She holds out her arms to him, and he gladly crawls into her embrace, tugging his comforter over them both as he leans down to kiss her. He lets his body press flush against hers, drinking in that warm, intoxicating sensation of skin on skin. His head swims. His cock twitches where it rests snug in the crux of her thighs.

Mabel pulls back a few inches, looking at him expectantly. Her hands brush down the sides of his face, his neck, his chest, briefly passing over his rapidly beating heart. What was frenzied before has slowed into jittery anticipation as it hits him that the moment has arrived, and they don't have to hold back anymore.

... Man. They don't have to hold back. They're doing this. Right now.

Dipper swallows, Adam's apple bobbing hard in his throat, and he leans off on his side. The condom wrapper is a little slippery in his sweaty fingers as he tears it open and rolls it on, careful to do things exactly by the book.

"Got it?" Mabel asks, even though she'd been intently watching his every move and already knows the answer to that question.

"Yup... good to go," he affirms, shifting back on top of her, unable to help himself from bending to kiss her again. Mabel gently breaks it off after only a few seconds.

"Yooo. Dips."

"Y-yeah?"

"You gonna hakuna my matata or what?" she laughs.

Despite the influx of butterflies in his stomach, and chest, and, well, everywhere actually, he pulls off a laugh back. "Was planning on it, yeah."

"Okay well just so ya know, planning time is over, bro." Mabel wiggles her hips a little, biting her lip, her eyes smoldering. Dipper nods, vaguely intimidated by the look on her face, not that he'd ever say so.

Now's the time, man.

With a surprisingly steady hand, he reaches down between them to grip himself, his tongue darting out to wet his lips. A shiver racks both of them as he experimentally runs the tip up and down her labia a few times, gently parting the slick folds. Dipper edges himself closer, and it takes a few readjustments and some mental boosting—or more like *severe* mental berating—before he feels himself start to push inside, just barely. Mabel gasps. Dipper presses his cheek to hers, resting his weight on his forearms as he slowly pushes his hips forward. He realizes too late that he'd been holding his breath for a good ten seconds, and it comes bursting out of him in one ragged grunt.

Fuck. She's so fucking wet and warm and *tight*—

Mabel flinches, her grip on his shoulders tightening, and he freezes where he is.

"You all right?"

"Yeah, yeah I'm good." Her face is bright red, her eyes closed. "Just... slow, okay?"

"Okay," he whispers, bending to place reassuring kisses across her cheek. Truthfully, Dipper's not sure how much slower he can even go at this point, but he'll certainly try, for her. Tiny beads of sweat break out all over his body as he sinks into her at a snail's pace, a concentrated frown forming on his brow.

Suddenly Mabel lets out a sharp gasp that doesn't sound very pleased at all, and Dipper freezes again.

"I'm fine I'm fine, keep going." Her words are impatient, but she fails to hide the twinge in her voice.

"A-are you sure?" Dipper asks, even though the way she's clamped down around him makes it really hard to think, let alone form sentences. "We can stop—"

Mabel shakes her head frantically, keeping her eyes closed. "Nonono, no stopping, please don't stop," she breathes. Dipper stays still, unsure, which she must've sensed because she quickly starts stroking his back and kissing his neck. "Please Dip, I just wanna be with you," she whines into his skin, her voice muffled, and that gets him to move again, the pounding desire winning out over the faint warning bells going off in his brain.

In terms of size, Dipper mostly views himself as pretty averagely endowed, nothing special, but (well, hopefully) nothing to be too upset about either. He wasn't sure what to expect exactly, when it came to sex, but he definitely never anticipated *this* snug of a fit. But Mabel keeps murmuring him onwards, so, he keeps going. When their hips meet and

he can't go any further, he has to take a moment to just focus on breathing, because the combination of the physical sensation with the never-ending string of incoherence hurtling through his brain—all of it being some moony version or other of *this is happening, this is what being with her feels like and it's fucking amazing, this is happening*—it already feels like it's too much. Oh no. Shit shit shit, the way he's wound up right now, this has the high potential to be over very very quickly. Before it even starts. And he can't do that to her, no way.

But as Dipper fights to muster up some self-control, below him Mabel still feels tense. . . too tense. She's taking in short, shallow breaths, holding onto him uncomfortably tight. He tries to keep as still as possible, to give her time to adjust, but when his antsy hips accidentally give a small jerk and her body recoils, he knows something's not right. Clearly, she's feeling a very different sort of tension than he is.

Dammit. This isn't at all panning out the way it always does in his head.

"If I'm hurting you, tell me," he begs at the shell of her ear.

"Just. . . gimme a sec."

"Mabel, I'm serious, we don't—"

"Bopbop—! *Shush*."

Unconvinced, Dipper lifts his head further to get a proper look at her. His heart sinks. Mabel's eyes are clenched shut, her lips pursed and trembling, her eyebrows scrunched. She doesn't look happy, she doesn't look the least bit turned on anymore. She looks like she's in pain, pain that's not letting up. . .

And. . . yeah, no. If it has to happen like this, then he'd rather it not happen at all.

Gingerly, he eases out of her, ignoring the protests in his groin as he moves away. Dipper sits back nervously on his knees, drawing the comforter back with him, carefully observing Mabel's response. First relief flits across her face. It doesn't last long though, irritation swiftly replacing it as she props herself up on her elbows. Guilt stirs in his gut at her genuinely perplexed, almost heartbroken expression.

"Uhh, what gives? I said I was fine."

Dipper paws a frustrated hand through his tousled hair. "Come on Mabel, you weren't fine and you know it."

"Well I *would've* been fine if you'da just given me a second like I asked," Mabel grumbles, scooting to sit up fully and crossing her arms over her chest, her eyes glaring and darting away from his. In the low light he can make out a small, dark stain on the sheet where her bottom half had just been. It's minuscule, but he can't help that remorseful twisting feeling that follows upon seeing it. He'd never held the expectation that their first attempt

at going all the way would be completely mind-blowing or world-rocking or anything, but he at least wanted to have this whole 'losing their virginities to each other' thing be something they could both remember fondly. He at least wanted to make her feel good.

All he wants is to make her feel good. Is that so much to ask?

He averts his eyes, easily slipping the condom off his softening length and tossing it away. Mabel's face wilts, her eyes quickly becoming glossy.

"Dipper... what the heck, I thought you wanted—"

"I do," he cuts her off gently, crawling in to lay down next to her and inch his fingers between hers. "Believe me, I do. But it's fine, I can wait. No big deal."

Mabel's not having any of it, scowling and looking away from him to hide how obviously hurt she is. "Wait for what? It's probably gonna be like this no matter when it happens, so might as well get it over with."

Her words trigger a sinking feeling in his gut, and he's not sure how to respond. "I don't know, Mabel," he sighs after a while, "...I mean do you really want this to be something we have to 'get over with?'"

Mabel stares up at the ceiling, her frown fading into uncertainty as she chews her bottom lip. "No, but..." After a few seconds of searching for words Mabel finally just ends up pulling the blanket over her head, a defeated, muffled sound whining out of her. Her arms go limp and plop down on the bed. "Ugh. This sucks, I don't know what's wrong with me."

"Hey," Dipper is quick to dispute her, tugging the blanket off her so she can see his serious face. "Nothing's wrong with you. Maybe we're just, I dunno, not ready yet."

"But I *am* ready! I really *really* want this, and we've been waiting forever," she protests, tugging at two locks of her hair in exasperation. "It's not fair. I dunno why my stupid body is being so... *blahhh* about this." She lifts the blanket to complain into its depths. "What the heck down there, bod! What's with the nerves, why can't you be cool!"

While Mabel throws complaints down at her business, next to her, her brother's growing suspicions are confirmed. His stomach drops. Earlier, underneath all the fiery looks and confident touches and sultry demands, she was nervous about doing this. Evidently, really nervous. Fuck... is that why she was in such a rush? To bite the bullet and go through with it before she could think about it too hard?

Dipper stares off into space, his body sagging into the mattress. One of his biggest insecurities about his relationship with Mabel comes bubbling right back up full force, with it coming the inevitable crushing feeling. No matter how she words this, Dipper can't shake the thought that some part of her is squicked about being *with* him because of... because he's...

Ugh.

Dipper clears his throat, attempting to neutralize his fallen features and focus on the issue at hand here, which is to make she's not feeling pressured or guilty. "It's fine, Mabel. Seriously, there's no rush. No need to force it."

She gives him a long, sad look. "... Why am I hyping this up as such a big deal in my head? It's just sex, right?"

"Well... I mean I guess it is a big deal, kinda," he laughs awkwardly, trying to take the weight off the question by making it come off as a joke. "I mean, are you totally one-hundred-percent sure you wanna lose it to your brother?"

Mabel side-eyes him, her eyebrows lifting. "Really? After everything, you're gonna play *that* card? Besides, technically I just did, dummy." She flicks his arm, scoffing and smiling. He grins back weakly, squeezing their joined hands, not really sure if he buys into the conviction in her voice.

Because as much as it blows, he gets it.

There's no getting around what *is*. He's her brother, and she's his sister, and together, like *this*, they're... they're... dammit, the cold hard truth is, no matter what they've been through, no matter what they've done, no matter what they *feel*, this relationship comes with baggage. And it always will. It's almost as much of a weight to bear as it is a relationship. The frightening possibility that there could be consequences to all this will always be breathing down their necks, always, as long as they're together. Throwing sex into the equation... well, it's already a big enough relationship turning point for your usual two teenagers in love, but for them, it runs deeper, somehow. It feels... solidifying. It feels like this giant leap further down the precarious—*incredible*, but still, very, very precarious—path they've been blindly navigating together, and a leap past the point of no return, at that.

Hell, it's pretty much the taboo to end all taboos. Maybe he's put too much thought into this, To him, going through with it kind of feels like a sort of unspoken agreement that they're really in this for the long haul, despite everything that's constantly working against them. A big, final, 'screw you' to the taboos and the moral ambiguity and just, all of that bullshit.

Dipper acknowledges all of this, and accepts it. Except, no—he doesn't just accept it, he *wants* it. He doesn't have a fucking inkling of what truly lies ahead for him and Mabel, but he does know for sure that he wants it, he wants all of it and then some. They've already been to hell and back. So to the future he says, bring it on—so long as he's with her. As long as he's with her, he'll readily, *gladly*, take whatever is to come.

But... that's a lot for a person to sign up for. It's heavy. And pretty terrifying if thought about too hard. So even if he's accepted it, it's... it's understandable if, no matter how much she loves him, Mabel hasn't yet, deep down.

Or maybe she can't.

"Just uh... double checking," Dipper mumbles, his voice small.

Mabel, sensing a bit of his turmoil, lets go of his hand to lightly shake his shoulders. "Hey. Seriously Dips, I don't think you get how much I want this. Like, it's kinda been driving me a little more nutso than I already am." *If you only knew*, Dipper thinks to himself. "But I just... I don't know, I just feel like, when we do this..."

"... There's no going back?" he hesitantly fills in for her when she trails off, his heart sunk way down low in his chest.

Mabel frowns, wagging a finger in his face. "No! No. That makes it sound like I... I mean like... like..." She groans, covering her face with her hands. "Ah, poop. I don't know how to put this."

"It's okay to be afraid, Mabel," he says, wanting to put her mind at ease despite his own extreme uneasiness, but she ignores him, tangled up in her own jumble of thoughts.

"Like how do you word the phrase, 'I really really wanna do the do with you but I'm still kind of sort of afraid no matter what I tell myself and I couldn't get myself to stop freaking out and relax,' in a way that makes sense?"

"I think you kinda just did," Dipper says. "It's okay, Mabel. I'm serious. I totally get it."

"But... but we've been waiting so long... *you've* been waiting so—"

The direction she seems to be going with this makes his skin crawl so he cuts her off. "Hey, Mabel, you don't owe me anything, okay?" he says sternly. "I love you. And I'm always gonna love you, always, sex or not. That is in no way shape or form a requirement," Dipper's eyes widen, his stare going blank, a hand floating up to press against his forehead as he spirals off into a sickening train of thought. "Aaand now I'm kind of freaking out that I might've ever given you the impression that it was, liiike, that is breaching unforgivable levels of not cool, please tell me you didn't think—"

A palm covers his mouth, and his eyes refocus to land on Mabel's distressed ones. "Dipper! Put the freak out on pause, jeez, that's not what I meant at all." Her hand moves away when she's sure he's shut up, her eyebrows furrowing together. "You gotta be kidding me if you think I could ever think you were like that. Or even a little bit like that. Like, *please*, bro."

He sputters, floundering. "I didn't, I. I just mean. I mean, I *meant*—I—ugh, I'm sorry Mabels, I'm a mess. Fuck..." He scrubs a hand over his eyes, unable to look her in the eye. In an gesture distinctly reminiscent to just before their first official kiss, Mabel gently tugs his hand away, making a fart noise with her tongue, not letting him hide from her.

"Only sort of. But so am I, so we're even. We're like two messes in a pod. Two adorable messes. And also I appreciate the original sentiment. About the undying love thing." She pecks him on the nose, then cuddles up to him, her head burrowed under his chin. "You're so irritatingly sweet."

"Uh, thanks. I guess." He maneuvers an arm under her neck and around her back so he can hold her properly.

"Don't mention it."

For a few minutes the twins just lie together in silence, her arms tucked up against his chest, his thumb caressing her shoulder on and off. Dipper studies a crack in the ceiling, starting to get lost in the thought that maybe it would've been better... or easier at least... if Mabel had never said anything back when they were downstairs, funny movie playing in the background, happily fooling around on the couch. About wanting him. Right now his chest hurts.

"... Hey, Dipper?"

"Yeah?"

Mabel lifts her head. "You know I don't... *care* about how supposedly wrong this is... right?"

"Y—of course," he responds, maybe a little robotically by accident, dropping her eyes. Mabel frowns, not buying his act for a second.

"Okay yeah, nope, see, I don't think you do." She bores straight into him with a hard look, making his eyes suddenly glaze over with moisture that he didn't even know was waiting to flood out. "Dipper. Seriously. Get it through that big ol' noggin. I don't care. At all. I am so past the point of caring it's not even funny."

She leans in closer, letting the backs of her fingers drift over his face. "Hey... even if I do get a little scared about it sometimes... so what. They're passing fears, you know? They're in and out. And they sure as heck can't compete with how I feel about you. Like holy whizballs, it's not even a contest, Dipper, I... *you* mean way too much to me... to ever let that stuff get in the way of what we have going here. And don't you ever let your jerk brain convince you otherwise. Capiisce?"

Dipper nods faintly, almost what feels like drunkenly, with a tight throat and twisting insides. Mabel moves in to press a long, heartfelt kiss onto her brother's slightly trembling mouth.

"Okay?" she murmurs on his lips.

"Okay," he breathes back.

"Okay." She kisses him again. "I love you, Dipper." And again. "No questioning my super-epic-undying-bro-love allowed." After one last kiss, she tacks on a long-drawn out, jokingly menacing, "Or elllllse."

The knot inside him finally relents, unraveling heavily. Dipper doesn't bother to hold back his smile, trying to subtly blink away the pesky sheen of wetness in his eyes. "Threat acknowledged, Lady Mabelton."

“Goood brother.”

Although he can breath much easier now, their original, and now thwarted, plans for the evening still sort of need to be addressed. He takes a breath. “So... I think if we *do*, end up doing this—or, when, or whatever... your uh, *bod*, should be ready, too,” he says carefully.

Mabel sighs resignedly. “Yeah... I suppose.” Then she squints, raising her eyebrows. “Although just FYI, I know you said it’s not a requirement, but this whole chitty-chitty-bang-bang thing is *gonna* happen at some point. Like, for sure.” She lifts the blanket again, glaring down at herself once more. “You hear that, bod? You gotta get on the same page as me eventually! We both know that the Dipper thirst is real!”

He snorts. “Dipper thirst. It’s like I’m just an energy drink to you.”

“Only the besht one on the market, handshome,” she purrs in one of her weird fake accents, then bends to suck on his bare shoulder, making him burst with laughter. “Mmmboy, that’s goood stuff.”

When the giggles die down, Dipper brings it up again, unable to let things drop without laying down specifics. “Okay, so. Officially going back to waiting then.”

Mabel slumps dramatically back against the pillow. “Blaghh. I *guess* so. If we must.” Then her face brightens considerably and she hones in on Dipper with an extra mischievous look. God, does he love that look... “But hey, yo, Mr. Brother-Who-Also-Happens-To-Be-My-Boyfriend-Homie-Guy... since we’re already here... in your bed... all naked ‘n whatnot... wiiith nobody home... might as well do some other stuff, right? I mean, it’s only convenient.”

His head bobs automatically, his lower lip jutting out a bit, the last traces of disappointment evaporating from his body. “Heyyy, other stuff is good with me. I like other stuff.”

She grins, reaching out to him with grabby hands. “C’mere, you.”

He’s got no qualms at all about letting her grasp the nape of his neck so she can pull him towards her for a hearty collision of lips. Mabel seems really intent on getting the temperature of the room back up to where it was earlier, and fast; wedging one of her legs between his, she doesn’t hesitate to gently squish it right up against his junk. “The lil’ Dipster is sad, we gotta get ‘im happy again!” she pulls back to declare, shaking a fist at the ceiling. “It is of the highest priority! Git ‘immm, git ‘imm!”

“Mabel,” Dipper groans, his cheeks blooming with color. “Must you call it that? Still?”

“Sorry dude, the name stuck.”

He glares, but it's a half hearted glare. He might've been more annoyed with her if she wasn't currently rubbing her leg along the underside of his cock at a tantalizing pace. Instead of a faux-angry retort he decides upon a faux-angry kiss, diving his tongue into her mouth, one of his hands possessively kneading at her breast. He feels her shiver a little under his fingertips before she rears away from him, giggling.

"Haha! Feisty. I like it."

He's about to spout off a comeback when her teeth sink into his neck just as she's pinching his nipple, the combination of sensations having a bit of a lightning bolt effect on him, his steadily growing arousal twitching against her thigh.

"Shit."

She laughs lightly, the tinkling sound both irritating him and turning him on. His hand gropes its way down her body to get even with her (and also to shut her up), but before he's able to reach his goal she grips his wrist and swiftly pins it behind his back.

"Uh uh! Mabel funtimes at hand, here. You wait your turn, kid." She blows a raspberry. Dipper has nothing to retort, not even to the bit of spittle raining on his face from said raspberry, struck a little dumb by how much being simultaneously restrained and uh, *stimulated* by his sister is turning him on. Um. Does he have a kink he wasn't aware of before?

Mabel clearly noticed his jump from relatively hard to very much hard since she moves her leg off him, a big cheshire smirk on her face. The hand around his wrist squeezes tighter as his twin's knowing face nuzzles in close to his. Sweat starts to form on the back of his neck. "Oho, whadda we have here? *That's* new."

"Uh. No comment," he says shortly, a guilty grin spread across his face.

"Yeah sure, *no comment*." Mabel leans forward and nips at his bottom lip, and he has to hold in his moan—for the sake of his pride. "You better *buh-lieve* I will be revisiting this little piece of information about you in the future, *bro-bro*. For now, though... I will show you mercy."

She frees him, and he's not sure whether to feel disappointed or breathe in a sigh of relief. Meanwhile her hands are skittering down his chest and heading south. When they pass over the ticklish skin of his belly, Dipper shivers and emits a giggle that is totally not squeaky at all, but the laughs dry right up when her hand finally drops down to brush against his erection. A deep, guttural sound rumbles in his throat as she feathers the tips of her fingers tortuously up and down his length, then circles her thumb and pointer finger around the base to give him a few weak pumps.

"Hey," she murmurs lightly after a minute, still being wishy-washy and uncommitted with her touches, driving him mad.

"... Y-yeah."

"Know what you should totally do?"

"...Hm? Wha— I dunno, what?" He can't focus on the words she's saying to him, and he's starting to get mildly aggravated from all this goading.

Her face moves towards his until the tips of their noses touch, and she's got her splotchy cheeks all puffed up, a grin on her lips. She lets the suggestion fly suddenly along with all the air in her cheeks. "You should show me how you do it."

His eyelids flutter, the vast majority of his attention dedicated to the way she's twirling her thumb around the skin of his flushed tip. "How I—how I do what."

Mabel doesn't answer, just grins manically and directs her gaze down between them, letting go of him to form an 'o' shape with her fingers and joggle it back and forth in the air a few times.

Dipper goes red, reading her loud and clear. "Oh. I."

"*Oh. I,*" she mimics in a booming voice that doesn't sound anything like his. "Hoohoo, you're not gonna try and pretend you don't do it, are you?"

"Pff, I never said *that*."

"I will if you will," she says quickly, waggling her eyebrows at him, while his just rise up on his forehead and stick there.

She wants him to... while he gets to watch her... oh, god. If they can't have sex, this might just be the next best thing.

There's no way he's going to show her how he *actually* does it when he's alone. That would just be a messy, hunched over affair involving a lot of curt movements and crappy low-definition porn. But hell yeah he can improvise, if it means he gets to feast his eyes on what he's only ever seen happen in daydream format.

First he has to get her back for teasing him, though. "Jeez Mabel, dirty much?" he ribs, causing a bit of the confidence to melt from her face. But before she can even ponder backtracking on the offer, he leans forward to soundly kiss her lips. When he pulls away he's already got himself in a loose grip, stroking leisurely, his cheeks heating up into a mad blush as he concentrates on keeping his gaze trained on her face. Obvious excitement swells on her features as she flicks her eyes down to watch. Now under her *very* engrossed observation, Dipper flushes redder, but tries his best to put on a good show for her (whatever that is).

She scoffs, "That the best you can do, broseph?" But the taunt doesn't faze him in the least, his drooping eyes glued to the dainty hand that's steadily inching its way towards the neat patch of hair at the crux of her thighs. He makes his grip a little firmer, pivots his wrist a little faster, practically salivating as he waits for her to make a move.

Except—she doesn't. She keeps sweeping around the issue, fingers creeping closer and closer, getting him more and more excited, but then never actually making contact. Aw, come on, again with the teasing? This is just cruel.

"Mabel, *so help me* I will. . ."

"Oooh, you'll what?"

"I will. . . I will. . ." His breath hitches, all these different stimuli *really* getting to him, and he doesn't care about keeping the flirty banter up to par anymore, his eyes still melded to the hand that's now dancing along her inner thigh. "... be very, very sad if you don't."

"Up, welp. Def don't want my guy to be sad, so." And she finally has mercy on him, digging her fingers between her swollen folds, slowly dragging them upwards; her fingertips are wet and glistening by the time she starts circling them over her clit, her front teeth biting sexily into her lip. God, he's never seen anything hotter. . . oh shit, and now she's slipping two fingers down to. . . *shit*, she's fingering herself, he's actually watching her finger herself and he really can't handle this—

"*Fuck*," he gasps, squeezing his eyes closed for a second, speeding up his hand, more blood crowding into his crotch.

"Language, young man," she jokes airily, her eyelids fluttering.

He opens his eyes to roll them, scoffing and sticking his tongue out at her through his labored breaths, and she does it back, complete with a "*plffffbt*" sound; somewhere in the back of his mind it strikes him what an odd sort of couple they are, both good to watch the other get themselves off and somehow still find opportunities to mess with each other like kids. And if that's weird, he doesn't care, because it's also wonderful and hilarious and comforting and fun, and also special, since he knows he'd never be able to do this with anyone but Mabel.

They've long stopped talking, the only sounds exchanged between them being soft panting and the occasional "*ah*." Half-lidded eyes meet, hypnotically drawing them in closer and closer until their bodies are flush together, his lips fused to hers, his jutting erection nestled between her thighs, his working hand abandoning its post to squeeze her ass. Light fingertips graze his length as she continues to rub herself, squeezing her legs together to force him further against her. His head swims. He moans into her mouth, his hips bucking on their own, quick and hard, feeling himself glide effortlessly along her warm slickness. Shit. Shit. . .

Soon Dipper's head flings back, his jaw clenching for a moment before she latches onto the back of his neck and draws him down into another kiss. Oh, *man*. This is like torture, like having a lick of icing off a cake but then not being able to eat it, and—and he literally can't stop thinking about it, how badly he wants her, how amazing it would feel, how amazing it *felt*, just those thirty seconds or so he got to be inside of her. . .

But no, he really needs to cool his jets, because they're waiting. They are going to wait, they're going to wait for the right time, for Mabel, because it's the right thing to do, so *slow your fucking roll, man*—

Mabel pulls her lips away, startling his eyes open. "Okay that's it, I wanna try again," she declares breathlessly, a fire in her eyes.

"You..." Dipper stills, his eyes fogged over as he processes her words. "But what about...?"

She shakes her head, rolling her hips, making his jaw drop in a silent whimper. "Like—I dunno, I feel different," she assures him, kissing along his jaw, running her hands along his chest. "I feel like it'll be different this time."

He doesn't know why he's feeling so hesitant, when a few seconds ago in his head he was practically begging for a chance like this. It's just, when they agreed to wait for her to be ready he was picturing something longer than ten minutes... although she's right, something *does* feel different than before.

Dipper searches her eyes, on the verge of asking if she's totally sure this is what she wants when Mabel puts her lips to his ear and actually freaking *purrs*, like a cat, adding a little *mrow* for effect.

"Do it," she breathes, "nownownow."

He wants to say it was her demanding tone that did him in rather than the random cat noises, but hey, who knows, could've been both, and what does he care?

Either way it has the beyond horny teenager catapulting out of bed, reaching his dresser in three strides flat. A hoard of socks and boxers rains to the floor as he digs out that incriminating little box again, not bothering to rebury it once he gets a hold of another condom. She waits for him with her hair strewn out over the pillow, her hands stretched above her and pawing at the headboard, her back arched slightly off the mattress as she moans for him to "hurry it up dork." Drool gathers under his tongue and in a split second he's bounding back over and parking himself between her legs again. Mabel giggles at him when he drops the package in the fumble to get it open, but it's in this sultry, dreamy way that pretty much only makes him harder.

"Uh, you need some help with that, bro?"

"I'm good," he mutters, biting his lip as he drops it again and Mabel snorts into her hand. Okay. Chill, Dipper. Just. Take it down a notch with the spazzy overexcitement, jeez. Finally he manages to get enough of a grip on himself to get the damn thing open without damaging the condom, quickly reaching down to roll it on.

Mabel grins widely, pumping a celebratory fist in the air. "Alrighttttt! Second time's the charm! Let's get this sexy show on the road!"

Dipper laughs, moving in to give her a quick kiss before he leans back and takes his length in his hand. Carefully positioning himself, his dilated pupils flash up, seeking out hers. "And you're totally sure?" he forces himself to ask one last time, praying for a yes, itching to bury himself in that addicting wet heat again.

Mabel gives a firm nod. "Eight million billion percent sure."

The green light secured, Dipper takes a breath and presses the tip of his erection into her soft pink folds—in what he's sure is the right spot this time—until it starts to disappear between them. The feel of her washes over him again and he groans through his teeth, taking care to go as slow as he possibly can, while Mabel whines sensually, murmuring his name. He stays upright, his thumbs pressing into her hipbones, his gripping hands and her arched back working together to keep her bottom lifted up off the bed, and to his utmost relief and amazement, this time there's not a single flinch. Before she was wet, yeah, but *now*—now it's like she's absolutely dripping with anticipation, and it's insane, he thinks, what a little fear quelling and foreplay can do. He makes a mental note to never, ever forget this fact for the future.

Soon Dipper finds himself completely inside of her for the second time that night, shakily waiting for the okay to move. Mabel stays still at first, but shortly tucks her legs around his waist and leans up just enough to cup his cheeks and pull him down to the bed with her for a heavy kiss. Her hips edge up towards his, wordlessly urging him onwards.

Finally, Dipper allows himself to move, testing the waters by pulling out just a few inches, slowly easing all the way back in. Ohhh shit. He does it again, moving out a little further, pushing back in a little more confidently, and has to break the kiss to drop his head down next to Mabel's, his nose digging into her shoulder, lungs struggling to take in air. Because... the *feeling*. His mouth opens to voice the thought before he can stop himself.

"Oh my god, you feel so fucking good," he blurts into her neck as he gently pushes in again, "Jesus H. Christ."

Mabel giggles airily, wrapping her arms around him and holding tight. "And *that's*—the Mabel difference," she proclaims, sending them both into breathy laughter. She starts to move too, pressing her hips up to his, doing her best to follow his super-slow lead. "*Mm*—what does the 'H' of Jesus' middle name stand for, anyway?"

Dipper makes a sound between a grunt and a laugh. "Nono, nooope, all Jesus talk during sex is—vetoed."

"You started it," she says, her laugh melting into a pleased hum as he runs his tongue along her neck, then brings his teeth together to leave a rosy lovebite. "A-ah... you can go faster, if you want," she murmurs.

Dipper gladly takes her up on her offer, continuing his path of kisses down her neck. It doesn't take too long before they find a good rhythm, his mattress squeaking along with them. Rather than feeling tense, it's as if now Mabel's body has molded around him, loosened up just for *him*, making them a perfect fit, just the right amount of heavenly friction between them. God, she's wet. He can't get over how fucking wet she is, how amazing being with her feels. His heart *pounds*. He tries rolling his hips instead, and her mouth drops open.

"*Mmn*, Dipper..."

The sound of her moaning his name while he's inside of her like this does things to him that he can't even explain, and he wants her to say it again. *Say it again*, Dipper growls in his head, rolling his hips a little harder. As if hearing his thoughts, she does, her voice projecting through his bedroom, her nails digging little crescent moon shapes into his back. His heart threatens to burst. Even at this, she can practically read his mind. Be on the same page with him without really trying. This is all still so wonderfully new, but the way they're holding each other and moving together right now feels so natural, so completely on the same page that it's like... it's like they've done this a hundred times. He's safe, comfortable, at home in her arms, and at the same time he's on fire, writhing, giddy and excited, burning for her, *needing* her. Who else but her could ever make him feel this way?

He lets himself moan as loud as he's been wanting to, kissing her neck, resting his head in the crook of her shoulder. She sighs in his ear, one of her hands tenderly cradling the back of his head. Her thighs tighten around his hips and Dipper knows that he isn't going to last much longer.

The squeaks of the bed quicken, the air around them sweltering, unbearably hot. They clutch each other, locked in an embrace as his hips rock fiercely, blunt nails digging into sweat-dampened skin. His mind is almost completely blank, nothing existing within it but the girl breathing heavily underneath him. Their lips crash together for a searing kiss, where she moans against him, and Dipper reels, pumping into her with heightened need. He pulls back and their eyes meet just as her mouth falls open, her breasts bouncing and a soft gasp leaving her lips. Fuck. *Fuck*. He's never felt anything like this. He doesn't want it to end.

"I love you," Dipper whimpers, staring helplessly into her half-lidded brown eyes, quickly trying to communicate how deadly serious he is. She smiles at him and whispers it back before her eyes flutter shut and she squeaks as he slows down for deeper, heavier thrusts. He can feel his body tightening with anticipation but he fights it, desperately craving to extend the moment just a little longer. "Oh god, oh fuck, Mabel—"

Mabel brings his forehead down to hers, her fingertips dragging through his hair. She whimpers that she wants him to come for her, to please come inside her, *please*. Her words do him in almost instantly, his face going to pieces. He feels her arms and legs wrapped tightly around him as he gasps and shudders, his hips thrusting along with every pleasurable throb of his cock.

Their hips grind to a halt. As Dipper drifts back down to Earth, his heartbeat thundering in his ears, he feels Mabel's lips press gently into his, and the urge to melt into a sleepy, satisfied goop is strong. His eyes blink open to find Mabel looking at him out from under her long lashes, her eyes filled with love and warmth. She smiles at him, and he smiles back, and they share a quiet, giddy laugh.

Dipper leans down to kiss her again before resting his forehead on her shoulder, trying to catch his breath. Mabel runs her nails through his hair, humming out a sigh. They stay like this for a little while. It takes him some time to snap out of his comfy, spellbound

state, but with a bit of effort and mental coaxing, Dipper manages to rally up some energy, throwing himself into fighting off that dreamy cloud that wants to carry his brain far away. He knows that he beat Mabel to the punch, and he doesn't want to keep her waiting.

The impact of his orgasm still has Dipper floating on a high, so although he's never actually done this to her before (Mabel bashfully changed the subject that one time he expressed his interest, more or less scaring him off from asking again), he has no reservations about gently easing out of her and scooting down the bed.

"Oh—you don't have to," she blurts once she catches onto what he's doing, her face flushing anew. Dipper shakes his head as he trails kisses from her stomach to her hip to her thigh.

"Please, I want to, Mabels," he pauses for a second to throw a quick, sheepish grin up at her, "really, really badly." His eyes dart away to give Mabel's inner thigh a sweet kiss and he doesn't hear any more protests from her after that. He scoots himself down until his feet hang off the bed and he's settled on his stomach, hooking his arms around her legs. He's never seen her from *this* particular up-close-and-personal angle before. The sight makes his breath catch and his heart beat faster. Dipper looks up to find his sister watching him, propped up on her elbows, her teeth digging into her bottom lip. He shoots her a coy smile before he firmly presses his lips just shy of her labia, keeping his eyes on hers. Her head falls back and she lets out a whine.

He takes a breath. Okay. Teasing time is over.

A gasp registers in his ears as starts pressing open-mouthed kisses down her slit, eagerly licking at anything he can get his tongue on. Mabel whimpers and her hips jerk, her fists closing around the sheets near his head. For an instant the metallic flavor of blood registers on his taste buds, but it quickly gives way to nothing but her, the scent and taste of her excitement already starting to get him hard again. He drags his tongue up and down a few more times before he spreads her lips a little further with his fingers to lick her enthusiastically, and feels her legs seize up in his arms.

"*Mmh...* a little softer," Mabel breathes out, her eyes closed as she presses back into the bed. Dipper quickly lets up, his heart thumping, slowing his approach to gentle circles of his tongue. He watches intently for some sign of approval, hoping he hadn't messed up too badly, and almost breathes a sigh of relief when she sighs out, "Oh, Dipper..."

Good. Name-moaning is good. More than anything he wants to make this memorable for her. He wants her to feel incredible. And he most definitely wants to make her come as hard as he did.

He closes his eyes as kisses his way back down to rolls his tongue inside her once... twice... a third time. Her fingers find their way into his hair, massaging along his scalp and making him shiver. One of her feet start to rub up and down his back.

Basking in her reactions, Dipper decides to go in for the kill and, locking his arms more securely around her shaking thighs, flutters his tongue over her clit. “*Guh*,” is her cracked first response and then, as he continues to kiss and suck softly at that magnificent spot that never fails to drive her nuts, he hears “theretherethere right there,” her desperate plea leaving him with another full blown hard-on. Her voice dissolves into nothing but breathy squeaks and broken up moans. He makes out a “don’t stop,” somewhere amongst the gibberish, and grins against her, giggling dizzily in his mind. Like he would ever actually *stop* right now.

Because the noises she’s making—one, thank god they’re home alone and two, holy fucking shit. He’s never seen her respond like this to him in bed before.

Both elated and deeply aroused, Dipper lets his tender-but-determined movements gradually gather speed. He frequently alternates techniques, mouthing at her labia, giving her long, thorough licks, easing two fingers in and out of her as he spells out his name, her name, all kinds of things with his tongue around her clit. Mabel cries out, her chest heaving, her restless hands clawing at the top of his head, the blankets, the headboard—there’s even a point where she frantically gropes her own breasts, which may or may not have been the same point he started pretty much humping his bedspread, because damn, that’s a sight he’ll never forget.

“Dipper, *ah*—please, ohmygod I’m so close, please don’t stop, *ohgodpleaseplease*—”

His stomach flips at the frantic words that are suddenly pouring from her mouth as she starts to shamelessly grind herself against his face, her hips lifting off the sweat-dampened sheets. They rise higher and higher as she rocks against him harder, her legs shaking hard, and Dipper throws himself into keeping up the pace and rhythm she’s begging for him to stick to, his jaw working furiously and his face bright red. His eyebrows knit together in concentration and he’s just beginning to freak out about not being able to keep this up for much longer when a firm yank on his hair makes Dipper let out a high-pitched yelp, which is luckily drowned out by Mabel’s breathy, climactic shriek. She whimpers as her trembling hips lower back to the bed, and Dipper keeps his tongue moving on her delicately even as the whimper fades into a sigh. Meanwhile he’s slipping one of his hands down between his legs to peel off the wrinkled condom and hurriedly finish himself off. After all that, it really doesn’t take much before he’s letting out a strangled grunt and cumming into the sheets, his head buried against her thigh.

There’s a period where the room falls still, nothing to be heard but the sounds of two people breathing hard. Blearily, with a slightly aching jaw, Dipper lifts his head from between Mabel’s thighs, his lips shiny and pink, the bottom half of his face drenched. He chuckles fondly at the sight of his nearly catatonic sister, hauling himself up so he can flop down next to her. It takes Mabel a few seconds of him caressing her arm to realize he’d moved, and her head slowly turns on the pillow to look at her brother with huge eyes. “Oh, my, goooood.”

He grins wide enough to show teeth, reaching over to tenderly nudge her sweaty bangs to one side of her forehead. “Yeah. Remind me to do that to you more often.”

Her eyes (along with her nose, probably) seem to finally take him in, her cheeks plunging from blotchy and pink to straight up fire-engine red, and she turns back to the ceiling, hiding her face in her hands. “*Eeek*, ohmygosh Dipper, your friggin’ *face*, ohmigoshohmigosh. . .”

“What? Oh come on, don’t get all embarrassed on me now.” He smacks his lips together with a grin. “You wanna taste? Get it while it’s hot.”

“Dipper!” Mabel smacks his shoulder, laughing. His smile is still in place, along with some eyebrow wiggling as he makes a show of dragging the back of his hand over his lips and chin, then darts forward to kiss his squealing, squirming, giggling twin on the cheek. He hovers right in her face, eyes closed, lips puckered and expectant, until she finally gives him a quick little peck.

“See, that wasn’t so hard.”

Mabel lightly shoves him away, sticking out her tongue. “Nyah.”

Dipper shifts off his elbow and rolls onto his back, gazing up at the ceiling in amazement as he tries to process everything that just happened, everything they’d just done. He still hasn’t quite caught his breath. His skin tingles, and there’s a giddiness in his chest. He wants to freeze this moment in time. Soak up every word exchanged, every touch, every sound, every mind-numbing feeling, and keep it all, forever.

Mabel cuddles up to his side, resting her hand on his chest. “Okay but seriously, whaaa. . . *who*. . . where the heck did you learn how to do *that*.”

Glancing over at her with a beam, Dipper shrugs lightheartedly. “Ah, you know. I’m just so naturally talented.” He squints and frowns jokingly. “Orrrr possibly just a guy with a working internet connection. Could be either.”

“Um, trust me. You. . . you got some talent there kid.” Her eyes are locked in a faraway stare as she slowly rests her head on his chest. “Like, *dang*.”

Yeah, there’s a distinct sound of crowds cheering going off in his head right now. Dipper manages to shove down the squees far enough so that they leave his mouth in the form of a laugh. “Glad you enjoyed.” He runs his hand up and down her side, pressing a kiss to the top of her forehead. “And the thing before that, that was pretty cool too.” *To put it lightly.*

“Yeah, *whoo*, that was somethin’. . . heyyy! I just realized we’re officially not virgins anymore.”

“Nope. Nope we are not.” A spark of giddiness shoots through Dipper’s chest as he laughs. “Feel any different?”

Mabel wiggles around in place, making exaggerated thinking sounds. “Hm. Can’t really tell if I feel like a whole new woman yet like *Cosmo* said I would. You?”

“I dunno what your deal is, cuz I’m totally feelin’ like a whole new woman. Totally.” They both giggle, but Dipper has more to add, and his mouth gets a little dry. “And I also feel. . . like I really wanna say a bunch of sappy clichéd crap to you right now. Damn it.”

“Oh yeah? What kind of sappy cliché crap?”

“Liiike... that was incredible and you are amazing and I love you a lot?”

Mabel giggles. “Yikes, bro. Try not to break the sap-o-meter up there.” When she lifts her head off his chest to look at him, her eyes are soft, and there’s a giant smile on her face. “You big, sappy, dorkwad.”

And then her lips are gently pressing against his, melting into him, giving her light-headed brother every indication that she returns his sentiments, and wholeheartedly. Dipper’s hand travels up to stroke her cheek as they kiss, a big lump of warmth caught somewhere between his chest and his throat.